Miſ.Page. What cauſe of ſuſpition? Out vpon you:
How am I miſtooke in you?

Miſ.Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

Miſ.Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman)
with all the Officers in Windſor, to ſearch for a Gentle-
man, that hee ſayes is heere now in the houſe, by your
conſent to take an ill aduantage of his abſence, you are
vndone.

M.Ford. 'Tis not, ſo, I hope.

Miſt.Page. Pray heauen it be not ſo, that you haue ſuch
a man heere: but 'tis moſt certaine your husband's com-
ming, with halfe Windſor at his heeles, to ſerch for ſuch a
one, I come before to tell you, if you know your ſelfe cleere,
why I am glad of it, but if you haue a friend here, conuey,
conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you,
defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for
euer.

M.Ford. What ſhall I doe? There is a Gentleman my
deere friend, and I feare not mine owne ſhame ſo much, as
his perill. I had rather then a thouſand pound he were out of
the houſe.

M.Page. For ſhame, neuer ſtand (you had rather, you had
rather) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of
ſome conueyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh,
how haue you deceiu'd me? Looke, heere is a basket, if hee
be of any reaſonable ſtature, hee may creepe in heere, and
throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to buck-
ing; Or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to
Datchet-Meade.

M.Ford He's too big to go in there, what ſhall I doe?

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't:
Ile in, ile in, follow your friends counſell, ile in.

Miſt.Page. What Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe?* Are theſe your Let-
ters, Knight?

Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere:
ile neuer———

M.Page. Helpe to couer your Maſter (Boy:) Call your
men (Miſt. *Ford.*) You diſſembling Knight.

Miſ.Ford. What *Iohn Rugby, Iohn*; Goe, tak
cloathes heere quickly: Wher's the Cowle-ſtaf
how you drumble? Carry them to the Landre
chet meade: quickly, come.

Ford. 'Pray you come neere; if I ſuſpect wit
Why then make ſport at me, then let me be you
I deſerue it: How now? Whether beare you this

Ser. To the Landreſſe forſooth?

Miſ.Ford. Why, what haue you to doe wh
beare it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhi

Ford. Bucke? I would I could waſh my ſelfe of
Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke; I warrant you Buc
And of the ſeaſon too, it ſhall appeare.
Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, ile te
dreame, heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, a
Chambers, ſearch ſeeke, finde out: ile warr
vnkennell the Fox. Let mee ſtop this way fir
vncape.

Page. Good maſter *Ford*, be contented:
You wrong your ſelfe too much.

Ford. True (maſter *Page*) vp Gentlemen,
You ſhall ſee ſport anon:
Follow me Gentlemen.

Euans. This is fery fantaſticall humors and ieal

Caius By gar, 'tis no-the faſhion of France:
It is not iealous in France.

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) ſee the
ſearch.

Miſ Page. Is there not a double excellency in

Miſ.Ford I know not which pleaſes me bett
That my husband is deceiued, or Sir *Iohn*.

Miſ Page. What a taking was he in, when yo
askt who was in the basket?

Miſ.Ford. I am halfe affraid hee will hau
waſhing, ſo throwing him into the water, will
benefit.

Miſ Page Hang him diſhoneſt raſcall: I wou
ſame ſtraine, were in the ſame diſtreſſe.